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ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM B. SWETT.

A VISIT TO THE OTHER SIDE OF "CANNON MOUNTAIN."

I STARTED off, one day, with the intention of visiting the scene of the great conflagration, years ago, on the other side of 'Cannon Mountain.' Ascending by the path which leads to its top, I soon reached it and struck into the pathless woods, coming out, after a while, directly upon the place I sought. It was a desolate waste of fifteen square miles; a wilderness of jagged and shattered rocks, charred stumps, and tangled briars, upon which the sun beat down in unobstructed fervor, making the place a very purgatory. The purgatorial appearance of the place was much increased by the presence of clouds of midgets, (wood-flies,) which pursued me with unrelenting vigor throughout my visit, obliging me to keep one hand continually in motion to defend myself from their attacks. I had intended to explore the place sufficiently to obtain a fair idea of it, and then retrace my steps. I picked my way up and down, over and among the rocks, many of which were of immense size, and all looked as if rent and scattered by some great convulsion of nature, for angular shapes were universal, there not being a round, naturally shaped rock within the range of my vision. Coming to a place where the rocks shot sheer down for several feet, I jumped off without due calculation, and the impetus of the leap carried me much farther than I had intended to go. When I finally brought up, I found myself in a sort of amphitheatre, the open side of it being directly ahead of me, in the direction I had been pursuing, while above and behind me the steep ascent forbade return. I had,

therefore, to keep on, and trust to reaching the woods at the foot of the mountain; through which I must find my way, in a roundabout direction, to the Hotel.

The rocks around me abounded in remarkable resemblances to such things as tombs, pulpits, water-wheels, &c., and but a slight stretch of the imagination was necessary to conjure up many other things, even animals and persons, from the maze of fantastical shapes around. It was impossible to make haste, so I proceeded at a slow pace, stopping now and then to examine whatever attracted my attention; sending rocks down the steep places, to see them fly to splinters at the bottom, and otherwise amusing myself. I finally reached the woods, after a tiresome tramp, and in their cool shade I stopped to rest and eat my luncheon. Having duly refreshed myself, I took observations and plunged into the woods in the direction of home. After getting several falls, tearing my clothes to tatters, and being several times at fault, I found myself in a familiar locality, and had no farther trouble in getting home.

AN AVALANCHE ON "BALD MOUNTAIN."

In reviewing my visit to the desolate region referred to above, my rolling of rocks down the steeps, and the effects thereof, made me desirous of witnessing the same thing on a grander scale.

I remembered, in one of my visits to "Bald Mountain," so called from its lofty top being round and bare, to have seen an immense boulder of granite standing upright quite near the brink of a long, steep incline which shot clear from the top of the mountain to the line of forest, and far below it. I thought it would be fun to roll that boulder down the steep; but, how to do it? I paid two or three visits to the spot, to calculate the possibility of starting it, and to ascertain what implements were necessary and how many hands would be required. Having completed my arrangements, I broached the subject to some of the workmen. It was a Saturday afternoon, and work was dull. The idea was readily taken up, and a party of seven men, besides myself, started for the top of the mountain, distant about five miles. We carried crow-bars, chains, levers, and a jack-screw. Arriving at the spot, we arranged our implements and applied the screw at the proper place, having first tried our united strength on it, and found it immovable. As the jack-screw, by means of its lever, was steadily applied to the rock,

it gradually yielded, and as soon as its balance was sufficiently disturbed to ensure its going over, a sharp, quick jerk was given to the bar, and we scattered instantly, turning, as soon as we reached a safe distance, to watch the effect. The rock turned over slowly once or twice, and then, gathering headway at each revolution, it thundered down the slope at a fearful rate of speed, raising great clouds of smoke and dust, and drawing streams of fire from the rocks over which it tore its way. We saw it reach the forest line, and we saw the tall trees go down before it like grass before the mower's scythe. It disappeared from view, leaving a long, broad avenue behind it. That rock was the most speedy and effective path-maker that I ever saw. After all was over, I followed the trail of the rock down the slope, and was astonished at the ruin it had wrought. It was exactly as if a tornado had been along.

Retracing my steps, I joined the rest in a lunch, having finished which, we picked up our tools and went leisurely back to the Profile House, well satisfied with the result of our afternoon's frolic.

A DEAF AND DUMB GUIDE BETTER THAN NONE.

Soon after the departure of my friend, the one-eyed photograph man, a gentleman made his appearance at the Profile House, who hailed from New Jersey. He came very late, as the season had closed, to all intents and purposes, and only a few stragglers remained of the swarms of visitors. He inquired for a guide, and was told that the regular guides had all gone home, but that I would make a good one, as I was well acquainted with the mountains, and had served in that capacity before. On learning that I was deaf and dumb, he flatly refused to take me, adding some very uncomplimentary remarks, which were reported to me, of which I took no apparent notice, although I made a memorandum of them in my mind. One day, he ventured out alone, in search of Walker's Falls, of which I shall have more to say hereafter. It was in the afternoon, and the hill-tops were enveloped in clouds. The distance to the Falls, from the road leading to the Flume House, is one mile and a half, and neglect and mountain storms had nearly obliterated that half of the path nearest the Falls, making it easy to lose one's way. At sun-down, the gentleman had not returned, and an alarm was raised. I was requested to go in search of him, and at once consented, glad of the chance to show him that his es-

timation of the deaf and dumb was wrong, and I started off alone. After leaving the road, I soon found his trail in the soft moss, it retaining the impression of a person's foot for a long time, and pursued it with all possible haste, as the dusk was coming on and time was precious. It was necessary for me to keep directly on the trail, as I, being deaf, might pass quite near him without seeing him; and he might not hear me. I found, by the direction of his trail, that he had gone wrong, and could not possibly have reached the Falls. I found him perched on a rock, wiping his brow vigorously. He had given himself up for lost, and his conduct, when he saw me, somewhat belied his previously expressed opinion of a deaf-mute guide. He caught my hand and shook it warmly; he embraced me; he danced and capered about in fullness of joy. We had no time to waste in words, and if we had, it was too dark to write, by which method only could we communicate.

Beckoning him to follow, I took the back track and went forward at a rapid rate, up hill and down, over rocks and stumps, through bushes and briars, intent only on gaining the main road before utter darkness came on. He came after me, panting and perspiring, frequently stumbling over some obstacle and falling headlong, and plainly objecting to such rapid locomotion. I confess to having experienced a sort of malicious pleasure in leading him such a race, in consideration of his remarks on me the other day. After a while, I became slightly anxious, as the darkness increased, lest we should miss the way; but, while turning it over in my mind, we burst through a clump of bushes directly into the road, and I shortly had the pleasure of seeing him safe in the arms of his anxious wife.

For the rest of his stay, he employed me as his guide, paying me liberally, besides stating, at the close of my engagement, that, although he had travelled much, both in the Old World and the New, he had never had a better guide.

It is a fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful and yet salutary to think of; for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life without sentinels of watchfulness and camp-fires of prayer.—*Dr. Chapin.*

Miscellany.

NEIGHBOR ANNIE.

My neighbor never speaks to me, nor hears me when I say:
 "Sweet neighbor, is it well with thee? This is a pleasant day."
 She smiles a kind of tearful smile; takes out a little book,
 And writes therein: "No words beguile mine ear," with saddened look.

I cannot sing the joy I feel, I hear no music sweet,
 Yet nightly at mine altar kneel, to kiss the Master's feet.
 I have no speech for words of prayer; I hear no human sound,
 Yet my petitions wafted are, and blessings cluster round.

He hears, although these sealed lips, utter no thoughts of love.
 It seems as if His finger-tips were reaching from above.
 They touch my spirit's vocal chords, and heavenly harp-notes wake;
 I hear the Savior's loving words, that—when on earth—He spake.

He whispers, in my spirit's ear, sweet words of joy and peace.
 Ah! God alone my cry can hear, and bid all murmurs cease."
 Though Annie never speaks to me, methinks I hear her say:
 "My friend, all's very well with me; He cares for me always.

S. ADAMS WIGGIN

Washington, D. C.

LUCK AND LABOR.—Two boys once left their country home to seek their fortunes in the city.

"I shall see what luck will do for me," said one.

"I will try what labor will do for me," cried the other.

Which is better to depend upon, luck or labor? Let us see.

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labor will turn up anything.

Luck lies abed wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines. Labor whistles.

Luck slides down to indolence. Labor strides upward to independence.

Which is likely to do most for you, boys, Labor or Luck?

SOME time before the death of the aged widow of Dr. Baldwin, of Boston, a friend, in conversation with her in reference to her departure, mentioned, as one of the chief attractions of heaven, that she would meet her husband. "I shall see Christ first," was her instant reply.

THE REV. MR. TYMPAN'S MISFORTUNE.

RELATED AT SECOND-HAND.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

My misfortune is, that I do not hear as well as some people—not, I would distinctly state, that I am pastor of a little church in the pleasant country village where I reside.

When I was at college, I was walking one day with a couple of fellow students. As we turned a corner, a run-away horse came dashing along, striking me squarely on my back and tossing me twenty feet forward. As I flew through the air, a splintered thill came after me, hitting me directly behind the left ear, tearing it partially from my head and smashing certain internal arrangements which I had hitherto found useful. To make sure work of it, the horse took occasion, in passing, to put his foot on my head, and though he did not pause to use precision in that act, he could hardly have planted his shoe-corks more squarely on my skull if he had taken mathematical observations of the premises. A crowd picked me up, very limp, very bloody and very stupid, so much so that a council of physicians declared there was no life in me, and I was laid on a table to get cold. But for one circumstance, this had undoubtedly been my last appearance in public; that circumstance was, that Dr. Worth of New York had arrived by the last train, on the Cum and Gow Railroad, and had been invited to call and see 'the young man who was killed.' Dr. Worth was not a distinguished physician—he was only my father—but he was enabled to continue me in the land of the living, partly, I have never doubted, through that faith which moves mountains. I was restored to my usual health in the course of three or four months, except that it was found that I could not hear so well as some people. I continue in that condition to the present day.

When I discovered that my hearing was defective, I was very much cast down by the weight of my misfortune. I found that it acted as a continual drawback on me wherever I went, whatever I did. In my class, I could not understand half the Professor said, and was compelled privately to request him to elevate his voice a little in future. He was a very obliging man—I remember him with affection; he elevated his voice till I was in an agony of apprehension lest he should tear his vocal organs to shreds, and in my terror begged him, in the presence of the class, to 'come down; I was not so deaf as that.' He came down, and I never heard him make a remark afterward.

Participation in debate was my greatest delight; but with such ears as mine such participation was simply impossible, except by compelling my fellow students to lay themselves open to bronchitis. So I dropped debating; and a consequence is, that I am, to-day, just as incapable of making an extemporaneous speech as though I were a deaf-mute instead of a dominie.

Then, among other things, I affected female society extremely, (a weakness from which I have since nearly recovered,) and I found that, sitting in a quiet drawing-room, in company with ladies and one of my own sex, I was as effectually kept in the back-ground as if I had been a mummy and my male companion a Sidney Smith, whereas the truth might be that my friend was conceited as and myself a young fellow with quite a ready flow of ideas and a good command of language, but a little deaf.

[I say this *might* have been the case; I do not say it *was* the case.]

The change that became manifest in me extended beyond my ears. From having been a very gay, rollicking, merry chap, I became melancholy. Exposed to mortifications more numerous and varied than the tribulations of Job, I came at last to look upon society as a sort of instrument of torture devised for my especial sorrow, and charged each item thereof with being a direct descendant of Tantalus, and inheritor of that ancient's most offensive peculiarities. I grew lank and yellow, whereas before I was fleshy and of good color; my face assumed the repulsive aspect of a cynic, whereas before it was good-natured and complacent; my breath grew offensive, whereas before it was sweet; my hand grew lean and limp, whereas before it was plump, and held a cordial grasp. This metamorphosis was observed, of course, and I fell into dislike among students and friends everywhere—a fate which I do not pretend to say I did not deserve, though I don't know but I might have wished somebody had called public-attention to Addison's familiar lines, in connection with my case:

'Consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault.'

It must not be inferred that I permitted myself to be thus vanquished by the imps of blue-devil-dom and dyspepsia, passively. It must not be supposed that I did not fight my dismal fate in the most desperate manner. It was a hard struggle to get me down, but once down, I became hopelessly non-resistant, and my dreary misfortune stretched its ghoul-like wings over me; it became the vampire that clung to me closer than a brother, and sucked my life remorselessly away, more terrible far than those unhealthy graveyard tenants that used to creep from their cold and mouldy quarters o' nights, to visit the victim in his bed, and fasten their horrible lips on his tortured veins, more terrible far than these; for it left me neither day nor night, but followed me, mocking and torturing me through the sorrows of my stumbling and awkward daily experience, and through the bilious visions of my uneasy slumbers.

How fervently I was wont to wish that I were a deaf-mute! What wild projects I entertained from time to time of doing fearful violence to the ear that the villainous buggy-thill did not pierce; of putting beans into the meatus; of puncturing the tympanum with ferocious cobbler's awls; of running hot wires up my nose, and through the Eustachian tube into the inner-works,

to do destruction at one fell sweep to all the inner arrangements; but sage reflection convinced me that I should not mend the matter much, if any.

Once I tried to enliven my spirits by endeavoring to remember whether there had not been people of eminence in the world who had groped under the shadow of my misfortune; but, do my best, I could call to mind only Harriet Martineau and Tom Hood, who were *partially deaf*, while on the instant, as if determined on torturing me past all endurance, there came rushing on my mind a perfect torrent of names of distinguished deaf-mutes: Jean Massieu, Ferdinand Berthier, James Nack, Pedro de Velasco, Richardin, Juan Fernandez de Navarette, Walter Gelkie, the Baron de Montbret, Lieut. Phillips, et cetera, almost without end, confounding and overwhelming me.

[I have since observed, in reading anew Shakspeare's tragedy of Julius Cæsar, that the noble Roman was himself afflicted precisely as I am, that is to say, deaf in his left ear. Proof: Act I. Scene II., Cæsar says to Antony, with whom he is conversing respecting the lean and hungry Cassius:

‘Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.’

Is not this conclusive?]

Disheartened and wearied by my vain efforts to find consolation in this direction, I was led to fall back on gentle Tommy Hood as the man of my heart. I took to reading him with all the avidity of a soul hungry for sympathy and solace, and though I grew not fat thereby, I found my greatest comfort in poring over the pages of the dear little invalid who coined from his throbbing heart the ‘Bridge of Sighs’ and the ‘Song of the Shirt,’ and who wrote the marvellous history of the eloquent but brimstoned peddler of ear-trumpets—him who, in testimony of the superiority of his auricular aids, mentioned the deaf woman who bought one of them, and

—‘The very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay.’

This last poem I committed to memory, as ‘ladies’ men’ commit to memory Moore’s melodies, and as politicians get at their tongue’s end the war-cries of the campaign. It was scarcely ever out of my head; I took a grim delight in muttering the tale to myself on every occasion when the spirit moved me. It became a part, and a very important part of my ‘inner life,’ and dear Tommy Hood became my friend and favorite.

How I eventually graduated without overwhelming disgrace; how I also went through the Theological Seminary at X—, and emerged therefrom with no especial blot upon my name, though positively without having made a real friend during all the time I was at X—; these are matters of history, as is also the fact that I was called to the pulpit of the church where I now remain.

The call had reached me entirely through the efforts of influential friends in the church, and I had not been compelled to go through the preliminary

performance of showing off my points for the criticism of the congregation. I had been taken 'for better or worse'; and this fact made me even more nervous than I should naturally have been, at appearing for the first time in my new position. The eventful morning found me in my place, however, and with tolerable self-possession I conducted the preliminary service, scarcely glancing once at the upturned faces before me, but directing my gaze choirward. At length, the reading and prayer having soothed my nerves somewhat, I arose and announced my text with little manifest trepidation:

'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet.' (*Revelations 1: 10.*)

Having done this, I became dizzy, the congregation commenced to swim and I presently became conscious that I was in the open air, with Brother Smith holding my head, Brother Jones sprinkling me with water, and Brother Robinson feeling my pulse. I had swooned; and the reason why I had swooned was this: four old ladies sat in a row, in one of the front pews, each with a monstrous ear-trumpet yawning up at me, like so many bottomless pits, or trombones, or spittoons.

I entirely recovered from a raging fever about a month thereafter. As I was sitting in my easy-chair, on one of the early days of my convalescence, the awful vision of those four monstrous ear-trumpets arose before me, and I shuddered at the thought of being compelled again to confront them from my pulpit and belch divine truths into their yawning depths. I resolved to preach no more. I would quit the ministry. I could never do my duty in the pulpit under the shadow of a misfortune like mine. I would peddle books; I would edit a paper; I would turn a grindstone; I would perform any given species of drudgery, but I would never preach again. Having arrived at this conclusion, I felt easier in my mind, and ventured to think again of those fearful trumpets. I presently found myself giving the subject a more philosophical consideration; and shortly I was humming the words of my old favorite Hood-iac:

'And the very next day
She heard from her husband in Botany Bay'.

I hummed myself to sleep with the story of the fiendish peddler of ear-trumpets.

Presently, at the open door before me, a man appeared, with a pack on his back. He saluted me with a grin and a duck of his little head, which was covered with wiry black hair, and then unceremoniously swung his pack from his back and commenced to open it at my feet. Willing to be entertained by anything that offered, I made no objection. He turned back a cloth and exhibited his hoard. Prominent in a wilderness of pins, thread, rings and perfumery—centre-piece to an endless variety of knick knacks—lay an ear-trumpet. The peddler said: 'What will you buy?'

I grasped the ear-trumpet.

'It is not good for much,' said the peddler. 'You see I am honest,' grinning and ducking again, while he rummaged his pack.

'Who are you?' I asked, suspiciously.

'Your servant, sir,' he answered hastily, continuing: 'Ah! here it is—here is an article, sir, that I can recommend; that will answer your purpose. With it you can hear the blood rippling in your neighbor's veins, or the fall of a mosquito's feet as it alights on your carpet. Try it, sir; put it on. You just insert it in your ear; it will fit the orifice as perfectly as if I had myself made it expressly for you before coming up from my warm fireside last night; but I assure you I did *not*. Here, sir!'

I took the article. It was simply a little black, flexible tube, which I placed in my ear in such a manner that it was entirely invisible.

'A peculiarity of this instrument,' said my mysterious visitor, 'is that you can regulate its action with your will. If you hear any thing that you do not wish to hear, by an effort of your will you may cease to hear it. Thus, you can instantly shut off the stream of a tiresome conversation, or hush a grinding organ beneath your window, as you wish. Thus, you——, But how do you like it, sir?'

How did I like it? I was beside myself with delight. I could hear the breathing of my host's sleeping baby, in the next room, I could hear the peeping of a brood of chickens in the barn-yard. I could hear any sound I chose to hear, distinct from a medley of other sounds. Marvellous! How did I like it? What was the price?—that was all I wanted to know.

'The price, sir?' said the grinning peddler; 'oh! I make you a present of it. Nay, no objections, please; it is my delight to bestow gifts upon those with whom I expect to become better acquainted by-and-by. I bid you good day, sir.'

As my mysterious benefactor retired, I could hear his feet clattering curiously on the carpet, and looking at them, I perceived that they presented a most extraordinary case of *club-foot*. Feet so hard and small, so remarkably clubbed, I had never seen before, and—it struck me as very curious—but he wore no shoes, and his step sounded more like the foot-fall of bone than flesh. I heard him distinctly as he passed out of the gate, and tramped over the distant hills out of sight.

What a blessing seemed my new-found treasure! I was deaf no longer. What new delight was given to existence! How I blessed my unknown but club-footed and eccentric and, no doubt, highly respectable visitor! Happy me. What cared I now for those four unfortunate old ladies with their harmless and inefficient ear-trumpets? I reconsidered my intention of retiring from the ministry, and made my preparations for again appearing before my congregation. I wrote a sermon that astonished myself as I rehearsed it in my chamber. It was, then, to prove a blessing to me, after all, that I had taken fright at the apparition of the trumpet-guard in the front pew, for my introductory sermon was now marvellously in advance of anything I had ever

before produced. I walked to the church, the next Sunday morning, with a mind full of tranquil rapture, and entered the pulpit with a youthful step.

I presently became aware of an unpleasant circumstance: I could distinctly hear my congregation making whispered comments on my personal appearance:

'Looks pale; guess he's had a tough time on't.'

'Pale?—pale as a hedge-fence; he's too black to get pale.'

'Handsome?—not by a good deal! I don't think any but white men are handsome.'

'What's he want wear's hair that-a-way fur? Scares me to look at 'im.'

'I don't believe he can preach. He looks stupid.'

'Sophomoric. Just from the apron-strings of his *alma mater*.'

This was decidedly disagreeable information to reach my ears. I found that by exercising my will, I only 'shut off' one speaker to open the mouth of another as uncomplimentary. This was a new feature. I now for the first time bethought myself of the propriety of removing the instrument temporarily from the place it had occupied since the peddler's advent.

I could not stir it!

It would be vain to attempt to picture the tortures that now grew thick upon me. With beads of perspiration on my throbbing forehead, with hollow utterance and blundering enunciation I managed to stumble miserably through the preliminary service, though the criticisms on myself went on, intermingled with like animadversions on different members of the congregation.

At last I arose to commence my sermon, and was inexpressibly glad to notice that the gabbling had entirely stopped, and every eye was on me. I discharged the words of my text into the yawning mouths of the four up-turned ear-trumpets, and proceeded to spread the wings of my discourse. For perhaps ten or fifteen minutes all was quiet, and then the Babel set in. I continued to read my manuscript, with the articulation of an automaton and the action of a stick; but I was no longer conscious of the words I uttered, for I was frantically engaged in exercising the will-ful function left me of regulating my tormentor—only 'shutting off' one disagreeable speaker, however, to 'turn on' another—for the congregation seemed utterly to have forgotten me, and were engaged in conversation among themselves, the medley reaching my active ear in fragments like this:

'Beginning to pile up the agony, ain't he? Ain't no orator, though; can't begin to come up to——'

'Snuff? Help yourself; my——'

'Dear Nellie, I shall die if you act so. Why don't you sit up——'

'On the top of his head. Never saw such hair; and then plastered all over his ears like a ——'

'Professional burglar from Boston. Got in with false keys. Stole more than ——'

'A five-cent piece, my dear? I've nothing for the missionary collection, and want to use it in a ——'

'Horn! Fact! Quicerest box y' ever saw; all quirleened up. Right fancy——'

'That style of preaching at all; nothing solid about him. A perfect——'

'Angel Gabriel, with his trumpet. Devilish good joke, wasn't it? The boy ——'

'Had a forked tongue, and was nigh twelve feet long, they said. Shot him with a ——'

'Hole in the ground, six feet deep. I never saw it till I ——'

'Sent a constable after him, and he said he didn't owe ——'

'Dear me, how tiresome! I wish he'd stop his droning.'

I bore the agonies of this species of infernal torture, (of which the above is but a faint indication) until I could bear it no longer, and then rushed from the pulpit, half-crazed and hatless, pausing not until I reached my chamber. Locking the door, I buried my head in the pillows of my bed, striving to still the horrible tumult that rung in my ears, in vain; there was evidently but one means of relieving the ineffable agony I experienced, and that was suicide. I sprang for my razor, applied it to my throat, and awoke.

I sat in my easy-chair looking out upon the lovely landscape, verdant with the emerald of June, and aromatic with perfume. The song of birds reached even my dull ears—my still partially-deaf ears—and the lowing of cattle came like sweet music on the twilight air.

And from that hour I was reconciled to my misfortune.

A. TIMELY LESSON.

"At our desk" we are about preparing the last pages for October, when an unusual noise reaches our ear. It is as if some one was carefully approaching our office, feeling, step by step, the way. Presently a light cane touches the lower stair, followed by an uncertain footstep, and then another, and a man past middle life enters. "Is this the office of the Schoolmate?" is his salutation. Our answer is simply "it is," whereupon our visitor, who proves to be totally blind, inquires for a certain person who at the moment was occupying the desk of our clerk, who was at the time absent. He, being *deaf*, was summoned by us to appear, and there those two, he of the sightless orbs, and he of the deaf ear, clasped hands as old friends, as indeed they were.

A half hour passed rapidly away, the blind man manifesting the possession of good practical knowledge, and, by his distinct utterance, but ordinary tone, teaching a lesson to all who come in contact with the deaf ear: that *this*, and *not* loudness, is what is required under such circumstances.

But the time came for parting, whereupon the blind man requested of us to

hand him an ordinary carpet-bag which he had previously left in charge of our clerk, and which, he assured us, contained—two dozen of eggs.

"What," cried our deaf friend, "a bag of eggs, and you totally blind? How can you pass along our crowded streets without having them utterly *smashed* by some person running against you?"

"Well, well, it may be so," replied our blind visitor, "it may be that before getting half way across Bromfield Street they may be utterly demolished. But what use in *borrowing* trouble, as it will come fast enough without seeking it? The eggs are *safe now*, and when they are broken it will be time enough to mourn their loss. By the way, will you step to the door-way and place me in a South-end Omnibus?"

Thus saying, with a parting word, the blind and the deaf departed together, chatting cheerfully as they descended the staircase to the street.

Reader, have you eyes? Treasure them and drink in of the lovely sights presented to your view. Never *borrow trouble*, as it will come to you in due season, and then should be borne with as cheerfully as possible.

Have you ears? Listen to the teachings upon each passing breeze and take a lesson from our young friend, who, shut in from the noise and confusion about him, cheerfully employs those gifts with which he is blessed in order to secure to himself a scanty subsistence. Many there are who, *having* eyes *see* not, or *having* ears *hear* not even of this world's beauties and lessons which a merciful God has spread before us for our own use and enjoyment, while to those less favored than ourselves, we should bestow what we can of our benefits, that they also may enjoy the more.—*Student and Schoolmate.*

POLICE *versus* VELOCIPEDES.

An amusing scene occurred on Massachusetts Avenue, near Third Street, lately, which was quite a treat to the residents of that locality.

A velocipede came dashing along, propelled by a fashionably dressed young gentleman, who, wheeling off the carriage-way upon the sidewalk, swept along that, scattering children on each side. A vigilant sergeant of police, seeing an infringement of the law, pursued the offender, bawling lustily for him to stop. The rider never turned in response to the call, nor did he seem to go any faster therefor. The sergeant finally came up with him, and touching him on the shoulder, said he must go with him. The rider seemed bewildered and amazed, but, looking at the sergeant's badge of office, expressed, by looks, a knowledge of his official character. Pointing to his mouth, by signs and gestures, he gave the officer to understand that he was a deaf-mute. A pencil and paper were produced, and he was informed that he had violated a law by obstructing the sidewalk, and that he must go to the office of the justice. He seemed annoyed at this, but accompanied the

sergeant to the office of Justice Mills, where the trial proceeded by writing the charge against him, and letting him read it and write his explanation in reply. The following is a copy, taken by the permission of the Judge:—

Charge: "Obstructing the pavement by riding a velocipede over it."

Answer: "I did not know anything about it before; if I foreknew it I would not ride on it."

Justice: "Give your name and place of nativity."

Answer: "John N. Lowry, Saginaw, Michigan."

Justice: "Where do you belong, in this city?"

Answer: "National Deaf-Mute College."

The Justice then wrote and presented to him to read, the following decision:

"In consideration of your not knowing the law, and being connected with the Institution you have referred to, I will dismiss the case, but you must not offend again."

As the mute read this, his face assumed an expression of relief, as if from some impending calamity, and he left with a quick movement, carefully keeping in the carriage-way. A large crowd was attracted by the novelty of the pursuit, and crowded into the office to hear the trial.—*Washington Paper.*

ATTEMPTED HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—An attempt was made, on a late Sunday night, in Jackson township, about eleven o'clock, to rob a young man by the name of David Hudson, a deaf-mute, who lives on the farm of Mr. John T. Rainey. Mr. Hudson was on his way home from a neighbor's, where he had been spending the evening, and when about a mile from his residence, at a place remote from any house, he was stopped by some one who stepped up from behind a tree at the road-side and took him by the throat, got possession of his watch, and then attempted to get his pocket-book, but did not succeed. Mr. Hudson manfully resisted the robber, and they had a severe struggle, in which Mr. Hudson succeeded in obtaining his watch again, which he threw into the woods at the road-side. In their scuffle, Mr. Hudson was thrown into the water-table, but succeeded in turning the highwayman and in getting hold of a stout club, which he used vigorously and broke over the head of the robber. He also kicked him in the side several times and left him for dead. He then hastened home and informed the family of what had occurred, and stated that he had killed the man. A few of the neighbors gathered together and proceeded to the spot where the occurrence took place, in company with Mr. Hudson, but the robber was not to be found, he having succeeded in getting away. The watch was found where Mr. Hudson stated he had thrown it. Mr. Hudson was considerably scratched about the neck, but not otherwise injured. It is thought that the robber mistook his man; that he was after a Mr. Woodrow, who has but recently returned from California.—*Guernsey (O.) Times.*

TWO KINDS OF RICHES.

A LITTLE boy sat by his mother. He looked long in the fire and was silent. Then, as the deep thought began to pass away, his eye grew bright, and he spoke: "Mother, I wish to be rich."

"Why do you wish to be rich, my son?"

And the child said: "Because every one praises the rich. The stranger at your table, yesterday, asked who was the richest man in our village. At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say his lessons. Sometimes he says evil words. But the children do not blame him, for they say he is a wealthy boy."

The mother saw that her child was in danger of believing that wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause those to be held in honor who led unworthy lives. So she asked him:

"What is it to be rich?"

And he answered: "I do not know. You tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me."

The mother replied: "To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man."

Then the boy looked sorrowful and said: "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered: "The gain of money is not the only, nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, floods may drown it, moth and rust waste it, and the robber make it his prey. Men are wearied with the toil in getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die, and carry nothing away. The soul of the rich prince goeth forth, like that of the wayside beggar, without a garment. There is another kind of riches, which is not kept in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess this are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

Then the boy said: "May I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up to be a man?"

The mother laid her hand upon his head, and said: "*Today*, if ye will hear His voice; for He has promised that those who seek early shall find."

And the child said: "Teach me how I may become rich before God."

Then she looked tenderly on him, and said: "Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that in your heart you may love the dear Savior, and strive all the days of your life to be good and to do good to all. So, though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom of Heaven."—*S. S. Visitor.*

Love one human being purely and warmly. and you will love all. The heart, in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

ALL FOR THE BEST.—Bernard Gilpin was a great and good man, whose pious labors in the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland and York, at the period of the Reformation, procured for him the title by which he is still remembered in those parts of England: "The Apostle of the North."

It appears that it was a frequent saying of his, when exposed to losses or troubles: "Ah, well! God's will be done; nothing happens which is not intended for our good; it is *all for the best!*"

Towards the close of Queen Mary's reign, Mr. Gilpin was accused of heresy, before the merciless Bishop Bonner, and was speedily apprehended. He left his quiet home, "nothing doubting" as he said, "but that it was *all for the best,*" though he was well aware of the fate that might await him; for he gave directions to his steward "to provide him a long garment, that he might go the more comely to the stake" at which he would be burnt.

While on his way to London, by some accident he had a fall, and broke a leg, which put a stop, for some time, to his journey. The persons in whose custody he was took occasion maliciously to retort upon his habitual remark.

"What!" said they, "is *this* all for the best?"

"Sirs, I make no question but it is," was the meek reply; and so in very truth it proved, for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died, the persecution ceased, and he was restored to his liberty and to his friends.

THE late Admiral Colpoys, who rose to that high station by his own meritorious exertions, used to be fond of relating that, on first leaving a humble lodging to join his ship, as a midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying: "God bless you and prosper you, my lad; and as long as you live, *never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers.*" The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and had reason to rejoice that he had done so; while thousands have unavailingly regretted that they have pursued a different course.

AN "Ancient Printer" gives the following rules for punctuation, which are of such admirable simplicity that we cannot withhold them from the public:—"I set up (type) as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape, I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze, I put in a colon; and when I want to take another chew of tobacco, I insert a period."

A SILENT COUPLE.—In a town in Orange County, N. Y. there lived a man and his wife who had not spoken to each other for eight years. They often went to work together, slept in one bed, took their meals at the same table, and did not show the slightest sign of anger towards each other. The only reason to be assigned for their obstinate and protracted silence was, that each was too proud to speak first.

THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND.

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, Editor.

OCTOBER, 1869.

As the close of the year approaches, we feel inclined to look back upon our labors of the past and consider wherein we have done well, wherein we might have done better, and what we ought to do in the future ; as well as how we can be enabled to do it.

We think we may say that we have furnished quite a readable and interesting magazine for our class of people, keeping them informed, as far as we could, with our limited range of correspondence, of matters and things among the mute community at large, besides giving them other reading. For the general news of the day, we, of course, leave them to read the daily and weekly papers ; it would be absurd of us to attempt even an outline of them.

While we cannot say that we are sorry for anything we have published or written, yet we can see that we might have said and done some things better, and we shall, in future, try to improve our magazine accordingly.

We are much grieved at one thing which has also grieved and vexed our subscribers :—the persistent delay in the issue of each number.—We laid our plans to issue each number in the month previous, so that all might get it at least by the first of the month for which it was published. Our sickness and that of our family threw us back in the spring, as we have before stated, and other circumstances : a lack of the necessary help, caused—to be plain—by the want of ready funds, owing to the failure of those who had given their word to help us if we should meet with any difficulty, and our own inability to devote ourself entirely to the work, have been continual drawbacks to us ; and now, as we are writing the last pages of the October number, it is late in November.

We suspended work altogether for more than two weeks after the September number was issued, having some idea of returning the balance of their money to the subscribers and giving up the enterprise. We first appealed to those whose money, with promises of more as wanted, had induced us to start the FRIEND, and all made some excuse for not fulfilling the agreement. We did not press

the matter, but we confess we felt discouraged. The first year, as is always the case, had been more expensive than subsequent ones need be, and we had no doubt—nor have we at present—that if we got safely through the year, we should restore confidence and be supported in future.

The "Boston Deaf-Mute Christian Association" finally furnished us with some funds, and we resumed work. We shall now issue the remaining numbers for 1869 as fast as possible, and trust to have them all out before the year closes, besides making such arrangements as will enable us to be punctual in 1870,

We have labored under great disadvantages during the past year: we have had prejudices to overcome; we have lacked the extended notice and advertisement of our magazine which is necessary to bring it before our widely scattered class; and all this in addition to the local obstacles mentioned before. But we have extended information of the existence of a magazine for the deaf and dumb as fast and as far as we had opportunity, and our friends have done the same, and we are encouraged by noticing that, while subscriptions are beginning to drop in for 1870, orders still come for back-numbers and the rest of 1869.

Our delays have rendered numbers uncertain whether we would continue, and, indeed, whether we would be able to finish the year, and they have consequently held back. We now appeal to all the deaf-mutes and their friends not to let the only magazine for the deaf and dumb die for want of patronage. There are at least ten thousand educated mutes in the country; surely they need a magazine of their own, and ought to sustain it.

To one and to all, we say, send on your subscriptions for 1870, and induce your friends to do the same; do your best to support us, and we will do our best to furnish you with an interesting and instructive magazine. Please remember, that if, after all this, we cannot continue the enterprise, your money will be returned to you; and that not only money, but news, correspondence, and information are necessary to its success, and please furnish us with as much of all these as you possibly can.

We want correspondents in every Institution, and in every large place, and agents also, and we shall endeavor to secure them before the close of 1869.

PARTICULAR notice is called to the change in the address of the FRIEND.

THE Seventeenth Anniversary of the founding of "St. Ann's Free Church for Deaf-Mutes and their friends," located on 18th Street, near Fifth Avenue, N. Y., was observed on Sunday, October 3rd. The sermon was preached by the Rector, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D. The Assistant ministers, Rev. S. F. Holmes and Rev. H. H. Cole, took part in the services. During the preceding year \$13,806.74 was received for the support of the Church; \$6,616.19 being the offerings of the congregations; \$4,634.80 from the legacy of Mr. Thomas Garner, \$1,000 from Trinity Church, and \$1,555.75 from donations of individuals. This was used in current expenses and in reducing the debt on the Church building and Rectory to \$13,000. \$1,500 was presented to the Rector. \$3,548.39 were raised for charitable purposes in the Parish and \$1,432.50 for those out of the Parish—making a total for the year of \$20,287.63.

The Rector received \$1,621.12 for the Church Mission to the Deaf-Mutes of the Country. This was all expended in holding services for Deaf-mutes in thirteen of the larger cities and towns and in supplying the place of the Rector during his absences from the Church.

There were baptized 31 adults, 9 of whom were deaf-mutes, and 66 children, 6 of whom had deaf-mute parents. There were confirmed 56, 11 of whom were deaf-mutes. There were 37 marriages, 5 of which were for deaf-mute couples. There were 34 burials, 3 for children of deaf-mutes. The Rector stated that he had also performed several baptisms and marriages among deaf-mutes and their children in distant parts of the Country. The Rector called special attention to the frequent services which, on the Lord's day, and during the week, were freely offered to all who would enjoy them, and also to the work which had been going on at the Mission Chapel in 18th Street, near the 8th Avenue.

A kind allusion was made to the Free Church of the Holy Light and its special mission to the adult blind, under the Rev. Eastburn Benjamin.

In closing, the Rector paid a tribute to the memory of Mr. Charles C. Lathrop, who had been for several years a member of the vestry of St. Ann's Church, and also to that of Mr. Laurent Clerc, one of the founders of the system of educating deaf-mutes in this Country.

St. Ann's Free Church, with its special mission among the 20,000 deaf-mutes of our country, and with its constantly enlarging work among the poor and destitute, asks for the kind remembrance of all Christian people, their sympathy, their prayers and their offerings.

THE last sensation reported from Illinois is, that the farmers in the neighborhood of Jacksonville are marrying the deaf and dumb females from the Institution in that place. They might do worse.

IN answer to numerous enquiries, we desire to say that we can furnish *back numbers* from January, 1869, to all who wish them. The price is *fifteen cents* each number, for which we send them *postage paid*.

IN the April No. of the FRIEND we noticed a "Sunday School for the Deaf and Dumb," in Pittsburg, Pa. A late number of the *Pittsburg Gazette* gives the following additional particulars:—

"The school progressed so well, and gave such evidences of the need of such an institution, that the idea of establishing a day school was conceived. The new movement fell into the hands of Rev. Dr. John G. Brown and Messrs. Kerr and McMaster, who at first thought of sustaining it by subscription. This idea they abandoned, however, and brought the matter in a more practical form before the Central Board of Education, explaining their object so clearly that the Board granted an appropriation of \$1,000 and the use of a room in the Duquesne School House, First Ward, for the furtherance of the project. Under these auspices the school opened with Mr. A. Woodside as Principal, and his sister, Miss Woodside, who, though not a mute, is a teacher of experience, and thoroughly acquainted with the system of mute teaching, as his assistant. Thus the school was regularly organized, and the experiment placed on a trial.

A visit to the institution yesterday gave us much pleasure and was full of interest. We found present twenty scholars, the school having steadily increased from eight pupils to that number. They range in ages from six to twelve years, and save in the one great misfortune, which almost separates them from communication with their fellow-creatures, bear no dissimilar traits to other children of their age and growth. Childhood, so pure, so innocent, so hopeful, is beautiful everywhere, and these benighted "children of silence," though in a measure apart from humanity, are no peculiar exceptions. The visitor, upon entering their school room, is greeted with an intelligent, furtive glance of childish curiosity, and observes on the countenances of all, that cheerful, sometimes bright and beaming expression which irresistibly attracts and controls the attention. They seem to study with the same spirit, and evince the same interest in surrounding circumstances as those more favored, and were it not that their conversation is never heard, and only noticeable in the animated countenance and peculiar method of signs, the visitor would be unable to distinguish their unfortunate condition.

About half of those that we saw were not congenital mutes, but had come so by disease, which had destroyed their sense of hearing, and with it the power of speech. These are the most easily instructed, their previous knowledge, however slight, being of great advantage. Provision has been made whereby pupils from districts outside the city are admitted at an annual tuition of twenty dollars, and already there are several representatives of this class in the school. To those from Pittsburgh the school is free. They seem to understand all that is told them and manifest a great desire to learn. One of the most interesting sights is to witness their method of conversing with each other, which they do in the most natural and animated manner.

The history of the pupils individually is replete with interest and instruction. Among those in attendance is a little girl, who comes daily from the upper part of Birmingham, is always on time, and in the school room studies with avidity. A bright little fellow, about six years of age, is brought in every day from Troy Hill, Alleghany, by a servant, and takes such a delight in the exercises that thus far he has not been absent at any session.

Another pupil, a little girl about eight years of age, has a still more interesting history. Until the opening of the school she had lived in the utmost neglect, and when discovered by the teacher who sought her out, was not acknowledged as one of the household by her parents. They were finally persuaded to change their course, and she was allowed to attend the school; and now, although without previous instruction, under her few weeks training, she can spell and write fluently for one so young, stands at the head of her class, and is among the most promising scholars. Another has been gradually brought from a state of semi-idiotcy to something like her right mind, and bids fair to develope into intelligent, useful womanhood. The little colored mute, the cause of the origin of the school, has a desk appropriated to his use, and is not a whit behind his white companions either in general brightness of appearance or excellence in studies. The majority of them are females, and the children of indigent parents, and were it not for this benevolent and humane work they would never have been rescued from that mental and moral darkness which is the natural outgrowth of their condition."

The "Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Literary Association" held its annual meeting September 17th. The following officers were elected:

President, Thomas Jefferson Trist; *First Vice-President*, John Schutz; *Second Vice-President*, William Cullingworth; *Secretary*, Abraham F. Marshall; *Treasurer*, Joseph Tindall.

On September 30th, the deaf-mutes of Philadelphia assembled in the Hall of the "Association" and organized the "Philadelphia Branch of the Clerc National Monument Association," with T. J. Trist and A. F. Marshall as temporary President and Secretary. This branch comprises the field from which the Pennsylvania Institution draws its pupils, viz: Pennsylvania and Delaware, and a part of New Jersey and Maryland.

Appropriate resolutions were offered and adopted relative to the death of Prof. Clerc, and the same were ordered to be entered in the records of the "Association," together with the minutes of the meeting. The following local officers were elected by acclamation: *Vice-President*, Joseph O. Pyatt; *Treasurer*, Thos. J. Trist; *Executive Committee*, Joseph Tindall, William Cullingworth and Joseph J. Stevenson. For National officers, the following were chosen by acclamation: *President*, John Carlin, of New York; *Secretary*, Wm. Martin Chamberlain, of Marblehead, Mass. This is an endorsement of the vote of the New York Branch at Ithaca, N. Y., in August last.

Letters to any of the officers of the "Philadelphia Branch" must be addressed to them at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia, Pa.

KOUPONETI writes:—"Since some enthusiastic mutes have started the idea of a National Convention, the New York mutes, determining not to be outdone, have hit upon an entirely new idea which, to some persons, may appear ludicrous. It is well known that mutes have a natural genius for Pantomime, and some are very skilful in arranging the signs so as to suit hearing persons, giving them a large, if not complete, understanding of what is going on.

Well, some of the most skilful in this art have got it into their heads to assemble, when they leave school, and try their fortune on the stage. The idea has been in existence for some time and though of slow growth, has been strengthened and encouraged by the continued success of the celebrated Pantomimic Actor, Geo. L. Fox, as clown, in his two plays of "Humpty Dumpty," and "Hickory, Dickory, Dock." Should they still entertain the idea when they graduate, and assemble as proposed, it is not at all improbable that some day we will have "A Great Travelling Pantomime Troupe," surpassing even the brilliant career of the "Ravels," to brighten up the name of the Deaf and Dumb, and to show that they are of some use in the world and not akin to the lowest animals, as some ancient philosophers used to assert."

That mutes are often expert pantomimics, is quite true, and this art is of much use in making themselves understood among intelligent people; but we trust that, before they graduate, our friends will see that there are other and superior ways of being "useful" in the world than by devoting themselves to making other people laugh.

The "Ravels" have often amused us and whiled a leisure hour away, but they never gave us any solid instruction, and their feats of agility always reminded us strongly of a certain class of the "lower animals," namely: monkeys. The opinion of the "ancient philosophers" has long been exploded. Sensible people—we value the opinions of no others—now look upon deaf-mutes as part and parcel of the great human family and treat them according to their merits, as they do others who can speak and hear.

As an occasional amusement, pantomimes are very well; but the life of a strolling player is not often conducive to good morals. The idea is not entirely new. There was, years ago, a company of deaf-mutes who went about the country, giving pantomimic entertainments which we have heard highly spoken of; but a roving life and its temptations proved too much for the members, all of whom, so far as we know, went down under the pressure. We do not know if any of them are alive now.

Let our friends aim higher than this profession; let them try to "make their lives sublime," leaving behind them, when they depart, "footsteps on the sands of Time" for the encouragement and guidance of those who come after them. Thus will they have lived to some good purpose, and been "of some use in the world."

WE desire to call particular attention to the change in our Post Office address, as stated on the last page of cover and under the head of "Answers to Correspondents," and to request all our friends to direct accordingly.

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL.

A GRAND Social Assembly and Festival, for deaf-mutes and their friends, will be held at **TEMPLARS' HALL**, (where the "Boston Deaf-Mute Christian Association" holds its meetings,) No. 460 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., on the evening of December 31st, 1869.

The proceeds of the Festival will be applied to the benefit of **THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND**.

The Hall will be open all day (Dec. 31st,) and all night; and the usual amusements will be plentifully provided, together with an exhibition of performing figures, or puppets, called "The Red, White and Blue," made and owned by Wm. B. Swett, which is very amusing and ingenious, and provokes roars of laughter wherever exhibited.

A good supper will be provided, and care will be taken that all shall be satisfied.

A special invitation is extended to New Hampshire mutes to be present, and all others are requested to come and bring their friends.

Every effort will be made to ensure a good time for all.

Music will be provided for the hearing persons present, and the amusements will be of such a nature that all can take part in and appreciate them.

Full particulars and Programme in the November **FRIEND**.

Tickets, admitting one person to the whole, **ONE DOLLAR**. To be had of either of the undersigned:

WM. K. CHASE,	}	<i>Managers.</i>
WM. B. SWETT,		
WM. M. CHAMBERLAIN.		

MR. WM. B. SWETT has commenced a course of lectures before the "Boston Deaf-Mute Christian Association," relating principally to the White Mountains and his adventures among them. They abound with graphic descriptions of life in the Mountains, laughable incidents, and thrilling adventures. They are well attended, and would be a treat to any assembly of deaf-mutes. The sketches in this number are a part of one of his lectures. We shall continue them more at length in our next.

ANY one who knows Benjamin H. Freeman, Esq., of No: 16 Long Acre, London, England, may hear something of interest by addressing the Editor of the **FRIEND**.

THE number of pupils now in actual attendance at the Ohio Institution is two hundred and fifty-two: one hundred and thirty-nine boys and one hundred and thirteen girls.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As a general rule, we shall answer the letters we receive, other than strictly business ones, in this department. If an answer by mail is desired to a letter which asks for information outside of business matters, it can be had by enclosing a stamp to pay return postage.]

Three cents is a small sum to pay for one, but if we were to mail answers to all the letters we receive, it would cost us many dollars. We shall always be happy to give any information in our power, subject only to the above condition.

All persons, either subscribers or correspondents, will please write name, town, county and state plainly and fully; this will prevent mistakes and save much trouble. In case of removal, let us know immediately, giving both present and former place of residence.

Write whatever you know, feel or think, which you consider of interest; we will make all necessary corrections in the articles we use, and thank you for them.

Correspondents can generally tell whether their articles are received and what we intend to do with them by looking below. We especially desire that all our regular correspondents should send in their favors during the first week of each month, to enable us to go to press early.

Those who receive the FRIEND with a red X marked on it, will please understand that their subscriptions have expired. In all such cases we respectfully ask for a continuance of encouragement and support by a renewal of the same.

All letters, exchanges, circulars, &c., must be addressed to THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND, P. O. Box 314, Station A, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.]

M. McL.—As we have not seen the paper you ask about for some years, and do not know the agreement, we cannot give an opinion.

C. E. M.—The poetry is too long, and the measure is defective.

CAB.—Full particulars in our next. To your last question we answer: Yes, it has been unavoidably so.

"Little Vincent's Chicken," and "Conquered at Last," in our next.

PINNA.—Please send official notice of meeting to the Secretary soon.

W. M. F.—Your engraving is much better than ours. We shall reserve it for possible contingencies. A. A. Small, Am. Asylum, Hartford, Conn., will furnish the photographs. Beyond "Barnard's Tribute to Gallaudet," and the Back Volumes of the "American Annals," we do not know of any such books as you desire. Those referred to would, we think, answer all practical purposes.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Miss Isabella McLaughlin, of Avon, Livingston Co., N. Y., while walking on the railroad track between Avon and Livonia on Saturday, Oct. 2nd, was struck by a locomotive and instantly killed. She was deaf and dumb, and was about thirty years of age.

CALIFORNIA ITEMS.

MR. ELISHA OSGOOD, a graduate of the American Asylum, and formerly of Maine, is in South Idaho City, working alternately in the gold mine and in his carpenter shop, according to the weather. He went to California in 1850, and is doing well.

MARTIN RODESINO, a French deaf-mute, formerly connected with the Institution for the deaf and dumb, in Paris, lives about ten miles from San Andreas. He has a large and well cultivated farm, with plenty of fruit-trees and grape-vines, set out by himself. He owns part of a mine and sometimes works there.

MR. AMASA PRATT, formerly a teacher in the Institution at Philadelphia, and more recently of the California Institution, at San Francisco, is now engaged in teaching in the College at Oakland, with Rev. Mr. Beckwith. He is a brother of Prof. Lewellyn Pratt, of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C.

THE new building for the California Institution, situated about five miles north of Oakland, was to have been ready for occupancy in August last; but its completion was delayed by an earth-quake, which shook down a part of it. The damage was about seven thousand dollars. It is expected to open shortly. Its location is elevated and healthy, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country and of the bay and coast.

MR. OLIVER BADGER, formerly of Boston, who has been knocking about in California and the Territories, for the past two or three years, is now in San Francisco, and is reported to be coming East to see his relatives.

WILLIAM NEELY, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., was severely injured by the caving in upon him of a clay bank at the Hale & Norcross mine, in Virginia City, Nevada. He was taken to the hospital, and his arm was found to be badly broken, between the elbow and shoulder. The surgeon took out four inches of bone, including the shoulder-joint. He remained in the hospital two months. He is now at work in Buckingham & Hecht's boot manufactory, on Market Street, San Francisco. One arm is crippled for life, but he prefers to do what he can with his well arm, rather than be dependent on charity. His example is worthy of imitation.

There are three other deaf-mutes in the boot manufactory, one of whom is Mr. Octavius Fuller, formerly of South Danvers, (now Peabody,) Mass.

MR. WILLIAM S. SMITH, who is pretty well known all over the country, and has, more than once, been reported dead, is now living in San Francisco, where he follows the occupation of a house-carpenter.

EDWARD McNIEL, a deaf-mute, ten years old, was run over by a wagon and killed, last month, in Philadelphia, Pa.

TO ITHACA AND BACK.

CONCLUDED.

As we have already remarked, we returned from Ithaca by way of New York City, arriving there on Saturday night.

On Sunday afternoon, we attended service at Dr. Gallaudet's church, St. Ann's, on Eighteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue. There was a good number of mutes present, but the Dr. himself was absent, the services being conducted by an assistant minister, whose name we cannot recall, but think it was either Mr. Holmes or Mr. Cole.

On Tuesday, we paid a visit to the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, on Washington Heights, and found every one in a hurry, as the pupils had already begun to arrive for another term, and things were not quite ready for them. We were cordially received, however, and shown all the improvements, prominent among which was a new and handsome range of shops for the instruction of the boys in trades. Few of the teachers had yet arrived, but of those few, one was Prof. O. D. Cooke, a teacher at Hartford during our pupilage there, whom we had not seen for nearly twenty years, around whose name have always clustered some of the most pleasant recollections of our school days. With him we had a long and pleasant conversation. We also had an interview with the venerable Dr. Harvey P. Peet, and found him as lively and sociable as ever. Although in his 75th year, and burdened with infirmities, the old gentleman still retains, in a remarkable degree, the vivacious and powerful mind from which have emanated so many good things for the deaf and dumb. The Institution needs no special mention at our hands; it is well known as being the largest of its kind in the country, and is well calculated for the purposes to which it is devoted. We should have been glad to stay and see the crowds of new and old pupils arrive, the next day, and were invited to do so, but were unable.

The next day, we visited the "Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes," at No. 330 East Fourteenth Street. It was our first opportunity of witnessing the operations of the Articulation System, except in the Articulation classes of the regular Institutions, and we were proportionately interested. We were received by Prof. F. A. Rising, the Vice Principal, and learned that Mr. Engelsmann, the Principal, had left the school, and that Prof. Rising was in charge. [He has since been appointed Principal of the School, by an unanimous vote of the Board of Directors.] We also learned that this was the first day of the new term, and not more than half the pupils had returned. About twenty-five, of both sexes, ranging in age from five to fifteen, and of all degrees of intelligence, were in the school-room, Congenital mutes, semi-mutes, and one or two semi-deaf, were among them. The Professor took pains to explain his system at length to us, illustrating it, as he proceeded, by exercising the pupils, and he allowed us to make such

experiments as we pleased. His system, by his explanation, is *eclectic*, that is, it takes the good things from all systems and unites them in a new one. The semi-mutes, the semi-deafs, and the very intelligent deaf-mutes, are taught by articulation, and they certainly showed excellent progress in it. They could read from our lips, we speaking deliberately, quite readily, and we could understand them in the same manner, the *motion* of their lips being correct, although we, being deaf, cannot answer for the *sound*. They showed a good acquaintance with Arithmetic, Geography, History and Language, the last in particular, which we regard as the main thing in the education of deaf-mutes. The other pupils were, *strictly speaking*, divided into two classes: Those who were of at least average intelligence, taught mainly by writing and the manual alphabet, making no unnecessary use of signs; and those whose mental capacity necessitated the use of signs, who were taught much after the system pursued at Hartford, New York, &c. This is the true principle of teaching: adopt the style and mode of teaching to the degree of intelligence possessed by the pupils, and the minds of all will be reached and enlightened. We examined nearly every pupil in different ways, and must say that the average of intelligence and command of language, other things being equal, is as high, at least, as in other Institutions. The school receives all, and divides them into three grades, as above. Signs are *not* prohibited, but the use of the manual alphabet is specially encouraged, and articulation enforced by practice and example in those who can derive benefit therefrom. We have no doubt that this school will make its mark and send forth as well educated graduates as other Institutions. We were there on the first day of the term, and should like to witness the examination at its close, by way of comparison.

A misunderstanding, on the part of another person, who really ought to have known better, although it was not exactly his fault, prevented us, much to our regret, from attending the opening of the lecture season on Thursday evening, and we left New York on Friday, by way of Newport, arriving at home the next day, glad to get back, but having enjoyed our trip exceedingly.

JOSEPH ADAMS, a deaf and dumb lad, was recently killed at the brick-yard of Sweet & Johnson, in Schenectady, N. Y. He was in their employ, and at the time of the accident was standing on the tongue of a wagon which his brother was loading with wood. The horses unexpectedly started, and the lad fell under the wheels, the front one going over his neck and the rear wheels over his body. He died almost instantly.

MILTON VANDYKE, of Illinois, has been in town for the past two months dealing in a superior article of blacking, which has had a large sale and has contributed greatly to the polish of our citizens.

PLEASE send on your subscriptions for 1870.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR EDITOR:—Our school has reopened under promising auspices. About one hundred and fifty boys and eighty girls were present the first day and more come in every day, almost every hour. The express-men are busy bringing in wagon loads of trunks and boxes, in which anxious parents have packed the clothing of their children, with many a little article to promote the comfort or enjoyment of these loved ones during their absence from home.

Judging from the number of new pupils already admitted, we are likely to have even a larger number of pupils than we had last term. Some of these new comers, as might be expected, suffer from home-sickness, but soon get over it. The old pupils come back eagerly, saying they are happy here, glad to come back and desirous to learn.

There have been some changes in the corps of instructors. Mr. O. W. Morris, the oldest of the professors, and Mr. A. H. Livermore, one of the youngest, have resigned, and their places are yet to be filled. One of the deaf-mute teachers, E. P. Holmes, has gone to his home in Illinois. No new teachers have yet been appointed. The classes left without teachers are for the present placed under temporary teachers, one of whom is Mrs. Alphonso Johnson, a pleasant, intelligent looking deaf-mute lady, who will be an acquisition to our society. Mr. D. R. Tillinghast, who left us a year ago to accept a professorship in the Institution of his native State of North Carolina, is now spending his vacation at the North with his newly married wife, a young lady who graduated from our high class last year, and who seems admirably fitted to make a happy home for her husband and herself.

Our principal is at his post, working with his accustomed ability and energy; but his family are still on his farm near Lake Erie.

Dr. O. Metcalfe, our Professor of articulation, has resigned, to return to the practice of his profession, but the lessons in articulation are still zealously and successfully continued by Misses Meigs and Hamilton. These ladies have been to Northampton, to observe the methods of teaching articulation used in that school. Of course, we do not make these exercises in articulation general. We hold, as we have always held, that for the majority of deaf-mutes, the attempt to teach articulation is a mere waste of valuable time. But there are quite a number of those who either learned to speak before becoming deaf, or who are only partially deaf, who will be benefitted by such exercises. Some of these become very expert in reading on the lips of their friends, but very few can ever expect to read, with any degree of certainty, on the lips of strangers.

We have entered on a new term with the resolution to do at least as well

as ever before. The sanitary condition of the Institution is admirable; the provision for the physical wants and comforts of the pupils complete; the teachers are enthusiastic, the pupils eager to learn; the system of instruction the best in the world; the school books and apparatus satisfactory, or soon to be so. In the intervals of study, the education of the pupils' hands in some gainful trade will be carefully attended to, and in this our new range of shops will afford greatly increased facilities, and make the working hours more pleasant. For the hours of recreation there is choice of boating, baseball, and other athletic sports; visits to the Central Park, walks to the High Bridge, &c. The Fanwood Literary Association, with its valuable library, and its lectures, debates and social reunions on alternate Saturdays will round off the life of the Institution, harmonizing recreation with intellectual activity and social enjoyment.

Sept. 4th.

J. R. B.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BOOKS AND READING.

BY THOMAS WIDD.

The importance of cultivating a taste for good books and reading for the deaf and dumb cannot be overrated. The instructors of our class would do well to devote more time and labor to cultivating a taste for reading among their pupils, and thus give them the key to all knowledge. The practice, too often adopted, of putting the pupils to solve the mysteries of algebra, &c., before they master their native language is an evil that should be remedied.

The writer imagined, like many others, on leaving school, after eighteen months under instruction, that he had got all the education necessary for the voyage through life, and pride or ignorance induced him to scorn books and reading. The accidental finding of a few stray leaves of "Robinson Crusoe," and the "History of the Siege of Troy" awakened an insatiable thirst for books and reading which has clung to him through life; and to this incident he attributes the secret of his success, although deaf and dumb almost from the cradle. This fact may perhaps be regarded as common enough, but it causes one to wonder why so little taste for books and reading is cultivated at school. The deaf and dumb have often a bad memory, and are frequently very dull with regard to their lessons for the first year or two; but the cause of this is too often the dry and uninteresting character of their books. It is true that deafness has a disastrous influence on the mind, and a very slow development of the mental power is the consequence. Yet, in spite of all difficulty, the cultivation of a taste for good and useful literature and thoughtful reading is never without its beneficial results on leaving school.

Therefore let teachers devote as much of time and labor as possible to teaching the deaf-mute to read and understand what he reads, and inculcate a love for useful books. Let every teacher tell the pupils, before finally quitting the Institution, that books are treasures, and their perusal the key which gives access to history, science, and art. A book of travels in his hand, a man may make, mentally, the tour of Europe at his will. In that pleasant journey there is no annoyance from passports or police. He may travel from France to Italy without toiling up the lofty Alps, and in St. Petersburg without fearing a despotic czar; he can gaze, in mind, upon that sad, unhappy group who weekly start for Siberian mines to be lost and forgotten, even while they live! As one reads of travels, the geographical lessons learnt years ago are recalled to help the mind to picture the map thus traversed.

Books are masters who instruct us without rods, without anger, and without pay. If we mistake their meaning, they do not murmur, and if we are ignorant they do not laugh at us. In former ages, before the invention of printing, learned and clever men had often the honor of being invited by monarchs to come from distant countries, and take up their residence at court, so that all the royal family might have the benefit of their improving conversation. But at the present day the printing press has given us a power surpassing that of the crowned heads of former times. A power that, wherever rightly used, will raise the cottage to a level with the palace. Though you may labor for your daily bread, if you open a well-chosen volume, it will discourse to you thoughts as beautiful and truths as instructive as royal ears ever listened to. Sir Walter Scott now lies in his lone grave, but in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he will still chant to you of the ancient chivalry of his own loved "land of the mountains and the flood." Professor Wilson, so recently departed, will, in his "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," still melt the hearts of all who listen. Without a physician's fee, Dr. Southwood Smith will hold high reason with you on "philosophy." In Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories" you have a series of delightful letters from the pen of that clever lady, written during her tour in Europe to her kindred at home. For a trifle a lady will tell you more secrets in her "Cottage Cookery" than you could discover in a lifetime. "Mitchell's Planetary Worlds" will reveal glimpses of fields of stars so countless in numbers that you will say, "What is man, that the Almighty is mindful of him." Washington Irving and many others will supply the most delightful and instructive works by which the long winter evenings can be made very pleasant and profitable. "The Book and its Story" will give you the marvellous and providential history of the Bible, and the BIBLE read with a humble and contrite spirit will give you here below "that peace which the world can neither give nor take away," and prepare you for brighter and better scenes in realms above.

There are thousands, nay, millions of valuable books, printed in the Eng-

lish language, scattered over the wide area of the American continent and wherever the English language is spoken, very few of which deaf-mutes have ever peeped into; not because they cannot be had for money or favor, but because they have not the ability or taste for reading. The literary treasures of Orient, the research of ancient and modern philosophers and authors, and the wonders of science and art seem to be known only to the favored few. To the want of a taste for reading in deaf-mutes is attributed the well-known and much lamented apathy which many of them have to books.

Were deaf-mutes to acquire an idea as to what a *treasure* a good book is, what labor and expense it took to produce it years ago, and its astounding cheapness now, they would avail themselves of the incalculable boon of being able to read and understand it. Did they but know that it was easier to build a church, before the art of printing was invented, than to procure a copy of the Bible in England, they would learn to appreciate the labors of the author and the printer. Were they aware that the library of Oxford was once kept in an *iron chest*, and to borrow a volume was more difficult than to borrow five thousand dollars in our day, they would understand the value of public libraries and a cheap press! To the *deaf-mute* who has the battle of life before him, a good knowledge of reading and writing—rather the ability to read and write correctly—is the very best gift an Institution can bestow upon him.

Deaf-mute institutions have been in operation some 150 years, and surely time enough has elapsed to decide upon a safe, sure, and permanent system of education; and past experience clearly demonstrates that a good knowledge of native language and the ability to write correctly is the best and safest system for the deaf and dumb. For semi-mutes articulation is valuable and should be taught. Lip-reading is uncertain. Signs are of use to the uneducated deaf-mute. But above all, let teachers of deaf-mutes inculcate a taste for reading and a love for good books in their pupils, and light will enter the dark portals of the mind.

A CASE is on trial in Belfast, Me., in which Francis M. Staples, a deaf-mute, claims damages of the Portland and Kennebec Railroad Company in the sum of ten thousand dollars for alleged injuries sustained by an accident thereon. A peculiar feature of the trial is, that, besides the plaintiff, several of the witnesses are deaf-mutes, who were returning from a deaf-mute Convention when the accident occurred, and that their evidence is received in signs, through an interpreter.

JOHN OREN, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, was killed by the cars at Allentown, Pa., in September. He resided at Hainsburg, Pa.

AMONG the list of patents recently issued at the Patent Office in Washington, is one for a water-velocipede, to Fisher A. Spofford and Matthew G. Raffington, both deaf-mutes, of Columbus, Ohio.

THE *Weekly Register* at Central City (Colorado Ter.) says: The best clerk in the Internal Revenue Department is a deaf-mute. This fact speaks volumes, if the mute don't,

ONE of our mute friends has a nice lot of Bramahs, Black Spanish and Cochinchina fowls, seventeen of which laid one thousand eggs in one hundred and fifty-seven days. We call this a good crop of hen-fruit. Can any one beat it?

Marrriages.

IN Baldwinsville, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Aug. 10th, Mr. DAVID R. TILLINGHAST, of the Raleigh, N. C., Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, to Miss C. K. STANSBURY, of Baldwinsville.

Also, at same time and place, Mr. RICHARD T. THOMPSON, of Kansas, to Miss MARY E. STANSBURY, of Baldwinsville. [The brides are sisters, and all of the parties are graduates of the New York Institution.]

IN Hubbardston, Mass., June 16th, Mr. HENRY M. FAIRMAN, of Hartford, Conn., to Miss CHARLOTTE A. WOODWARD, of Hubbardston. [Both graduates of the American Asylum.]

IN West Junius, N. Y., Sept. 1st, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. JOHN D. PICKENS of Peel Tree, Barbour Co., West Virginia, to Miss MAGGIE A. CUDEBACK of West Junius. [Both graduates of the New York Institution.]

IN Gorham, Maine, Aug. 29th, by Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. PATRICK G. FEENEY, of Gorham, to Miss MARY WHITE, of Dorchester, Mass. [Both graduates of the American Asylum.]

IN Pataskala, Ohio, at the residence of the bride, July 1st, by G. O. Fay, Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, of Youngstown, O., to Miss CARRIE A. BUTLER. (Both graduates of the Ohio Institution, and the lady formerly a teacher there.)

IN Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 12th, Mr. JAMES T. MURRAY, of McConnellsville, O., to Miss MARY E. WILLSEY, of Edgerton, O. (Both graduates of the Ohio Institution.)

AT Van Wert, Ohio, Sept. 16th, Mr. JAMES H. LAMBERT, of Arabia, Lawrence Co., to Miss SUSAN H. BEAR, of Van Wert. [Both graduates of the Ohio Inst.]

Deaths.

ON board ship United States, at the Chincha Islands, June 20th, CALVIN H. HUMPHREY, son of John Poor, of Newburyport, Mass., aged 19 years, 4 months.

IN Deersfield, Mass., Aug. 22nd, POLLY STREBBINS, aged 77 years.

IN Farmington, Ill., July 12th, ALMEDA DERBY, wife of the late John B. Ham, aged 59 years, six months. (A graduate of the American Asylum.)